For heare her but examplified by her ſelfe,
When all her chiualry hath bene in *France*,
And ſhe a mourning widdow of her Nobles,
She hath her ſelfe not onely well defended,
But taken and impounded (as a ſtray) the King of *Scottes*,
VVhom like a caytiffe ſhe did leade to *France*,
Filling your Chronicles as rich with praiſe,
As is the owſe and bottome of the ſea,
VVith ſunken wracke, and ſhipleſſe treaſurie.
Lord. There is a ſaying very old and true.
If you will *France* win,
Then with *Scotland* firſt begin:
For once the Eagle *England* being in pray,
To his vnfurniſht Neſt the weazle *Scot*
VVould ſucke her Egges,
Playing the Mouſe in abſence of the Cat,
To ſpoyle and hauocke more then ſhe can eat.
Exe. It followes then, the Cat muſt ſtay at home,
Yet that is but a curſt neceſſity,
Since we haue traps to catch the petty theeues:
VVhilſt that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
The aduiſed head controlles at home:
For gouernment though high or low, being put in parts,
Congrueth with a mutuall conſent like muſicke.
Biſh. True, therefore doth heauen
Diuide the fate of man in diuers functions:
VVhereto is added as an ayme or But, Obedience:
For ſo liue the hony bees, creatures that by awe
Ordaine an act of order to a peopled Kingdome.
They haue a King, and Officers of ſort;
Where ſome like Magiſtrates correct at home:
Others, like Merchants venture Trade abroad:
Others, like ſoldiours armed in their ſtings,
Make boot vpon the ſommers Veluet bud:
VVhich pillage they with merry march bring home
To the Tent-royall of their Emperor;
Who buſied in his maieſty, behold

The finging Maſons b
The ciuill Citizens lad
The ſad-ey'd Iuſtice w
Deliuering vp to exec
This I inferre, that tw
May all end in one mo
As many arrowes loſe
As many ſeuerall way
As many freſh ſtreame
As many lines cloſe in
So may a thouſand act
End in one moment, a
Therefore my Liege t
Diuide your happy E
Of which take you on
And you withall, ſhal
If we with thrice that
Cannot defend our o
Let vs be beaten, and
The name of policy a
Kin. Call in the m
And by your ayde, th
France being ours, we
Or breake it all in pe
Either our Chronicle
Freely of our acts, or
Not worſhipt with a
Enter the A
Now are we well pre
For we heare your co
Ambaſ. Pleaſeth
Freely to render wha
Or ſhall I ſparingly ſh
The Dolphins pleaſur
King. We are no ty
To whom our ſpirit i
As are our wretches f

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry V* (STC 22291) LONDON, 1608 THE BRITISH LIBRARY